THE COMIC FOR THE PEOPLE OF POWER!

A POWER COMIC

# SMASH!

No. 94
18th NOV. 1967
EVERY MONDAY
7d

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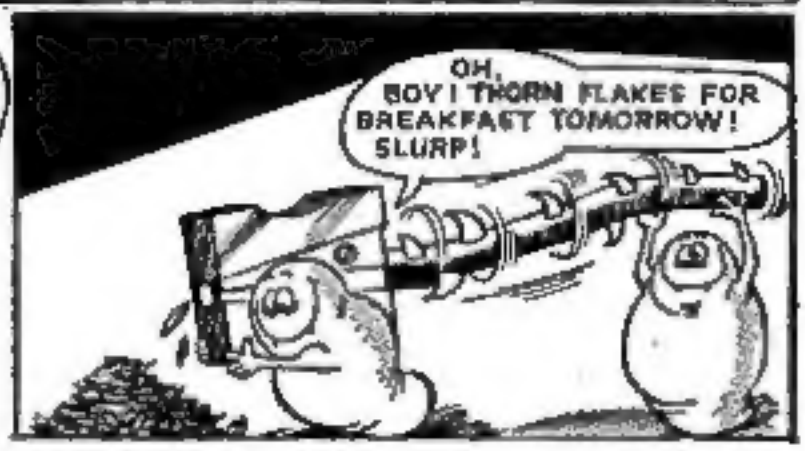
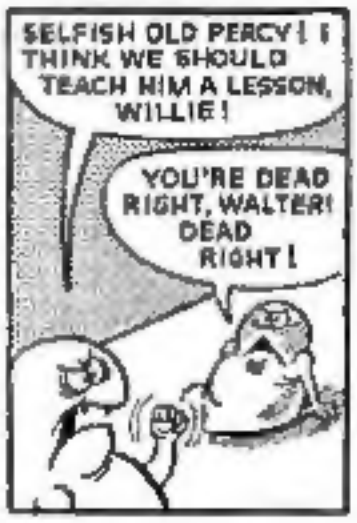
# Percy's Pets

OH, NO! WHERE'S MY BLINKING PENCIL SHARPENER? IT'S GONE AGAIN!
HOME WORK

GRR! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN—IT'S THOSE PERISHING WOODWORMS AGAIN!

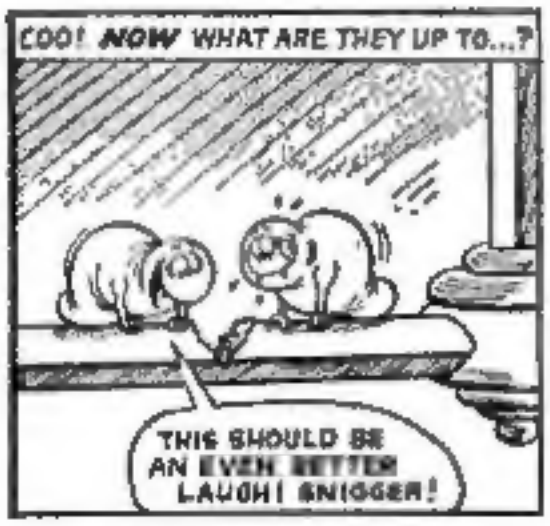

OH, BOY! THORN FLAKES FOR BREAKFAST TOMORROW! SLURP!

GRR! GIVE ME THAT! HOW CAN I SHARPEN MY PENCIL WHEN YOU TWO KEEP NICKING IT?
BUT WE'VE ONLY DONE ENOUGH FOR ONE HELPING! DON'T TAKE IT AWAY!


SELFISH OLD PERCY! I THINK WE SHOULD TEACH HIM A LESSON, WILLIE!
YOU'RE DEAD RIGHT, WALTER! DEAD RIGHT!

??
CRUNCH CRUNCH CHOMP
HEH! HEH! I ENJOY A NICE MEATY LEG!

AAAH!
SNAP!
HO! HO! THAT'LL TEACH HIM, WILLIE!

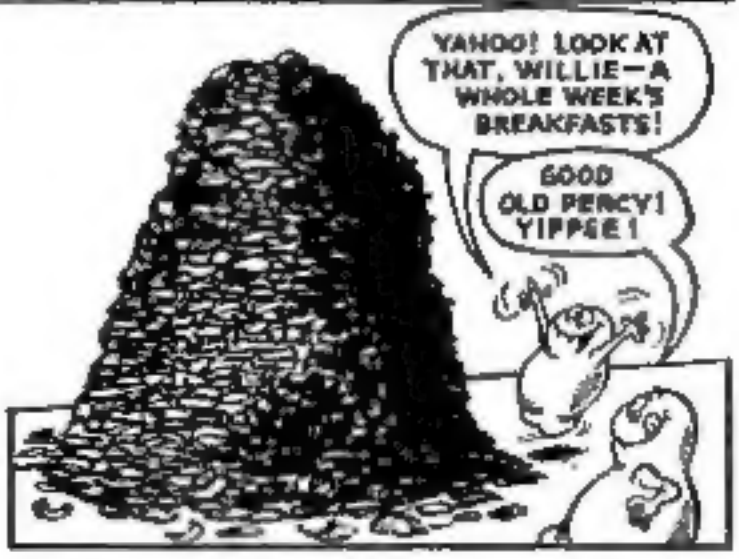

COO! NOW WHAT ARE THEY UP TO...?
THIS SHOULD BE AN EVEN BETTER LAUGH! SNIGGER!

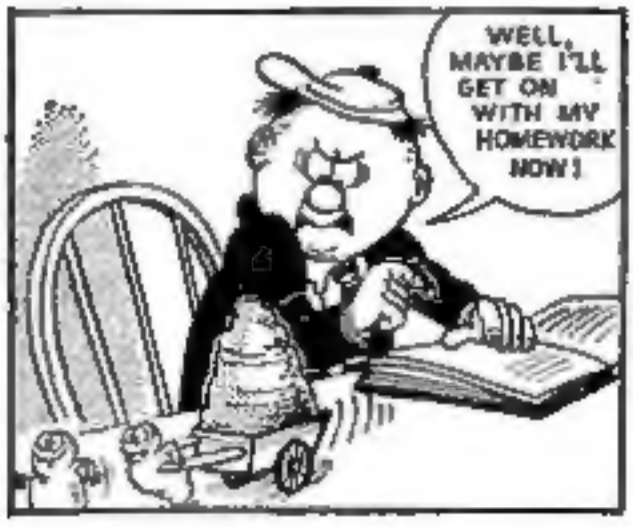
YAHOO! A BULL'S-EYE!
CRACK!
AAGH! THEY'VE GOT ME AGAIN!

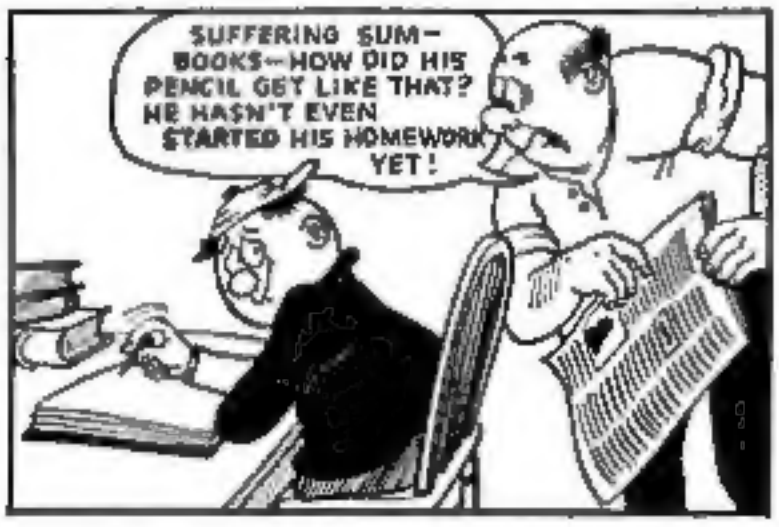
PLEASE! PLEASE! NO MORE! I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY!
NOW YOU'RE TALKING!

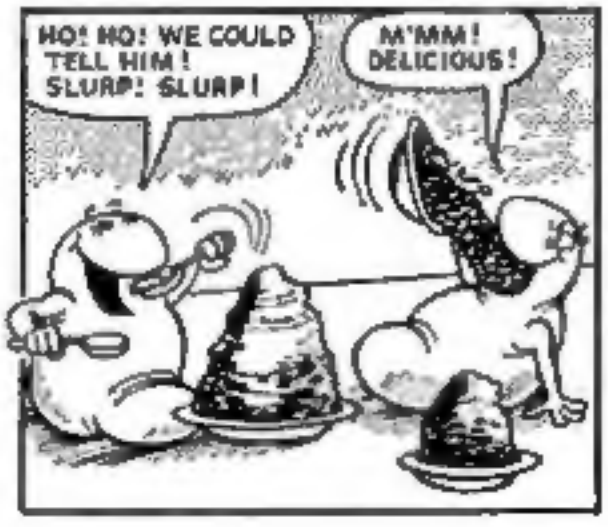
WHISPER! WHISPER!

BLACKMAIL—THAT'S WHAT IT IS! (SIGH!)


YAHOO! LOOK AT THAT, WILLIE—A WHOLE WEEK'S BREAKFASTS!
GOOD OLD PERCY! YIPPEE!

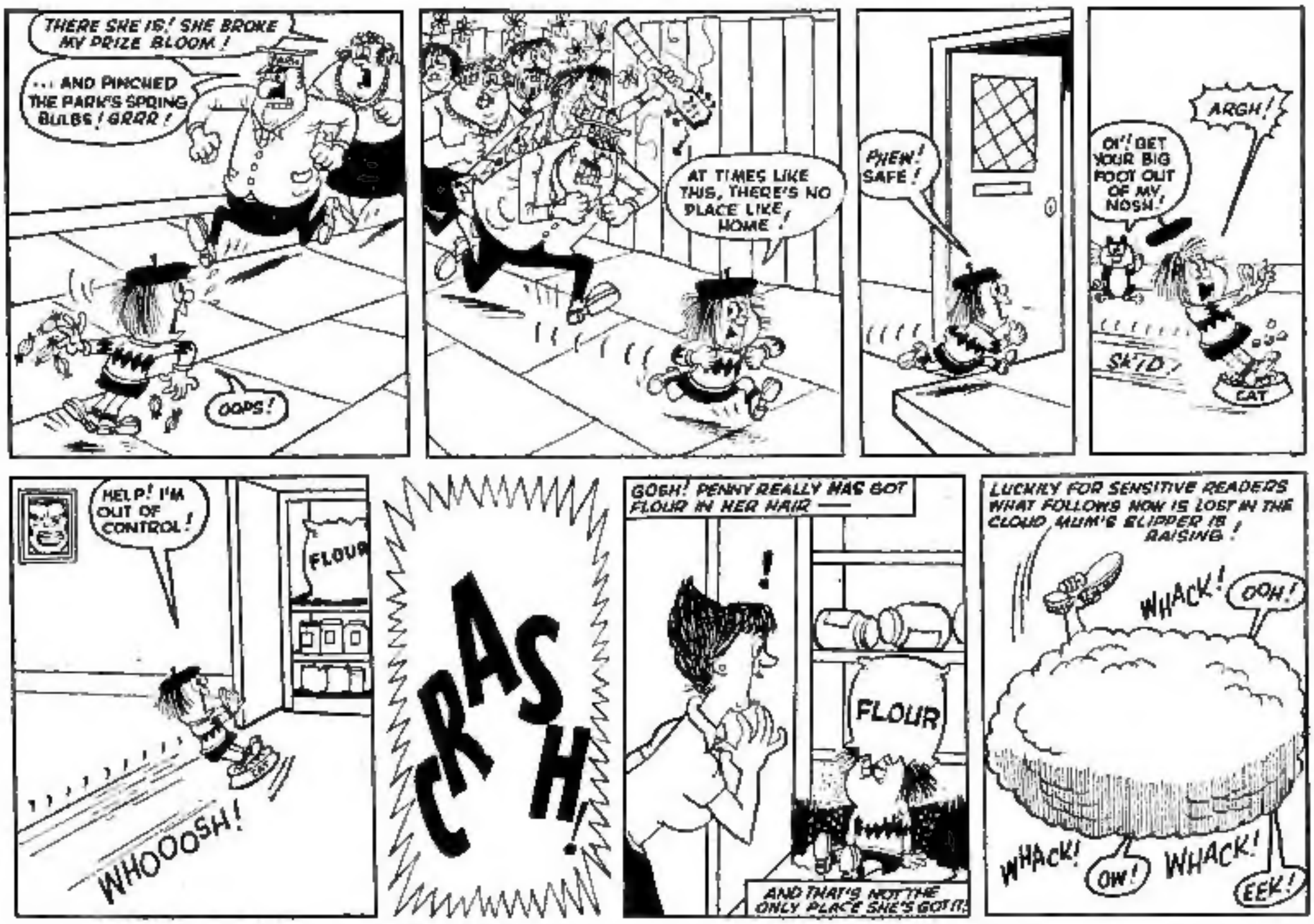

WELL, MAYBE I'LL GET ON WITH MY HOMEWORK NOW!


SUFFERING SUM-BOOKS—HOW DID HIS PENCIL GET LIKE THAT? HE HASN'T EVEN STARTED HIS HOMEWORK YET!


HO! HO! WE COULD TELL HIM! SLURP! SLURP!
M'MM! DELICIOUS!

# BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY 1967




# SMASH -CHAT!

*Have you got anything to say? Chat it over with Alf and Cos. YOU could win a £1!*

**Dear Alf and Cos,**

**I would like to know if you think this poem would suit Ronnie Rich.**

**MONEY**

**Money, money everywhere**
**Money here**
**Money there.**

**Paper, silver, copper too**
**Money's here just for you.**

**I've told you once**
**I've told you twice.**
**Money's here**
**Money's nice.**

**Janet Washington,**
**Tamworth.**

*You're dead right, Jan — Ron's after a million pounds, but you'll have to settle for just one.*

*Alf and Cos.*

**Dear Alf and Cos,**

**I must congratulate you on your recent contribution to SMASH. I mean Daredevil. I am writing to tell you about my own costumed crime-fighting creation, Richardz. Alias millionaire Roger Hilton, he lives on Hilton Island with his butler, Henry. He lives in idle luxury until he receives a call for help. My friend Nicholas writes the scripts while I draw them (Nick is another power addict). We've made six Richardz books so far: Richardz, The Man From Nowhere: The Politians: S.A.B.A.S.: The Magnet Master: The Ten Tests of Richardz: Richardz Versus Richardz.**

**Philip Bevan,**
**Boreham Wood, Herts**

*Here is Richardz, as Philip drew him for us.*

*Alf and Cos.*

**Dear Alf and Cos,**

**I would like to complain about the writer Deborah Wilkinson in Smash number 88. Who in the world does she think she is, insulting the Hulk like that? I don't like people who waste their time by writing and causing a fuss over one story when she has other fabulous ones to read.**

**Helen Nolan,**
**Tamworth, Staffs.**

*It's what we're always saying, Hel — you can't please everyone all the time! Still, we like to know when we're NOT pleasing some one—and it's nice to know that we're at least got you on our side!*

*Alf and Cos.*

**Dear Alf and Cos,**

**I have just come back from Belgium after a week's visit. During my visit I bought a book called the Magician's Nephew. It cost me 35 Belgium francs. When I arrived home, I started unpacking my case. To my surprise it wasn't there! I was very unhappy about this, but after I had read a few of my Smash comics it seemed as if nothing had happened. My mum was very pleased with Smash. She bought me some more Smash comics to read. Wasn't that nice of her?**

**Robert Moody,**
**Stevenage, Herts.**

*Sounds like that mum of yours is a real power-packed gal at heart, Rob!*

*Alf and Cos.*

## DON'T KEEP US IN THE DARK!

**SMASH is your paper and we want to fill it with the features you like best. So, when you write to us, fill in this form and enclose it with your letter.**

**The feature I like best in SMASH is:**

**The feature I dislike is:**

**To: SMASH, 64 Long Acre, London W.C.2.**

# news from the floor of 64!

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

THROUGH THE MAIL we get a goodly number of stories and/or art for us to pass judgment on. It makes us PROUD (but not at all surprised) to see what talent there is among you Powerhousers. But there is a rub! Much as we'd like to, we just CAN'T give the time to these contributions that they all too often deserve. If we did, there'd be hardly enough time to bring out the Power Papers each week! . . . and that IS number one priority, right?! All of which brings us to a personal message aimed directly at ONE of you Frantic Followers . . . to the reader who sent in to us a full picture-story BOOK! Drawn and written by himself, and titled MIDNIGHT MOONSHINE! We are very impressed but haven't been able to say so . . . because he (or could be "she") either forgot to enclose a letter giving name and address, or the letter became detached and lost! So, wherever and whoever you are . . . THE BALL'S IN YOUR COURT!

☆ ☆ ☆

AND HERE'S A PARA penned for and on behalf of the garret gang—namely SUNNY STEVE MOORE! Who hasn't been so sunny of late! And for why? Well, the answer is to be seen on page 14 of this week's "Fantastic." You see we were looking for a good picture to show off the THOR T-SHIRTS we're giving away for each letter printed on Fantastic's mail page. So we did the oldie of making it appear as if a TINY, TINY Steve (without sweat shirt) was standing on the palm of fellow garreteer PAUL COHEN. The gag worked. The trick photo looked good. Everyone (including Steve) was delighted . . . until the letters started coming in addressed to "Shriveled Steve" and Midget Moore! So if only to keep the peace! we hereby wish to put the whole business straight. Really, Sunny Steve is a big BOY! Five feet ten inches tall and all of seven stone in his sockless feet. He's never ACTUALLY stood on Paul's palm, or anyone else's either! The only tiny thing about the lad is the time he gets away from the garret.

In fact he's been GRIEVOUSLY MIS-REPRESENTED to you fans. So there it is. Now you know the truth! Now you have the real picture about Sunny Steve! Okay? All right, Steve? PHEWWWWWWW! Are we friends again?

*. . . Which seems to take us logically to the very very TALL story starting in "Smash" this week. Seldom has a super-hero saga reached the very HEIGHTS of imagination as in "DAREDEVIL VERSUS STILT MAN"! You'll see just what we mean . . . in "Smash" this week. And in the field of HIGH DRAMA, we have the reappearance of DOCTOR DOOM in "WHAM" who once more pitches his old enemies, THE FANTASTIC FOUR into a welter of wayout Wham-style action! . . . again, this week! No doubt about it, some villains are almost as popular as our super-hero, and Doc Doom certainly qualifies for this status. Just when we're SURE he's been downed for keeps . . . in floods another wave of reader demand . . . and so back like the proverbial bad penny comes the deadly Doc! One can almost hear the F.F. saying . . . YOU JUST CAN'T KEEP A BAD MAN DOWN!*

## MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE . . .

*Stephen Hunt, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex; Christopher Fairbrass, East Grinstead, Sussex; Robert Clayton, Cheshunt, Herts.; Anita Kalha, Hounslow, Middx.; Jane Hogan, Tottenham, London, N.15; Eamonn Byrne, Manchester 13; Michael Douglas, Co. Down, N. Ireland; Mark Vickery, Cardiff, Wales; Maria Parbodee, London, S.W.8; Stephen Holmes, Auckland, New Zealand; Susan Chatterton, Sutton-in-Ashfield, Notts.; Paul Hemms, Liverpool; Graham Smith, Stanmore, Middx.; John Tress, Reading, Berks.; Stuart Rogers, Kingston, Surrey; Jeffrey Glass, London, N.W.6; Nigel Gold, Kettering, Northants.; F. Rilly, Birmingham 6; Sheila Stuart, Hull, Yorkshire; John Gerlick, Darwen, Lancs.*


NOT JUST A SKATE...

PACEMAKER

REALLY SETS THE PACE!

Once you've put on your PACEMAKERS—you find out what roller skating really is! Zoom away and ahead of the rest with the finest, fastest skates in the world. PACEMAKER . . . really sets the pace!

Do you know about JUMPING JACKS?
Defy the laws of gravity with these spring skates that set you leaping and bounding with moonman ease!



DAVIES

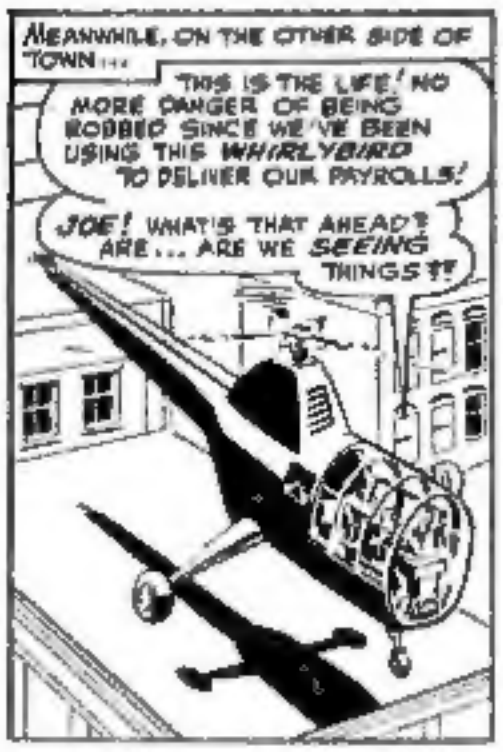
SEE PACEMAKER SKATES AND JUMPING JACKS AT YOUR LOCAL STORE

DAREDEVIL
"THE STILTMAN COMETH!"
A DRIVERLESS CAR, CAREENING TOWARDS AN INNOCENT, HAPLESS PEDESTRIAN... A FEARLESS MAN IN A DRAMATIC COSTUME, DESPERATELY SWINGING ONTO THE SCENE VIA A UNIQUE CABLE EJECTED FROM HIS BILLY CLUB... AND OUR TALE BEGINS WITH THE STARTLING IMPACT OF A THUNDERBOLT...!!
HELP!! SOMEBODY, HELP ME! I'LL BE KILLED!
KEEP SCREAMING! DON'T STOP! DON'T STOP SCREAMING!
IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN PINPOINT HER POSITION ABOVE THE ROAR OF THE SPEEDING CAR!
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1965
GOOD GIRL! IT'S ALL RIGHT... YOU'LL BE SAFE NOW!
LUCKY I WAS ON A BUILDING LEDGE JUST NOW AND HEARD HER SCREAMS!
BUT, I HEAR NO HEART-BEAT FROM THE CAR BELOW... NO SOUND OF BREATHING! IT MUST BE DRIVERLESS! IT CAN STILL KILL SOMEONE!

THAT AWNING WILL BREAK YOUR FALL, MA'AM... I HAVEN'T TIME FOR FORMALITIES NOW... I DON'T DARE MISS THAT CAR!
LUCKY I KNEW THAT CORNER STORE ALWAYS HAS ITS AWNING DOWN AT THIS HOUR! WITH HER IN MY ARMS, I'D NEVER MAKE IT TO THE CAR!

THE GAS PEDAL IS NAILED TO THE FLOOR... AND THE BRAKE PEDAL HAS BEEN CUT! THIS IS NO SIMPLE ACCIDENT!! SOMEBODY PLANNED IT!
WAIT! THAT MUFFLED TICKING BENEATH THE HOOD... MY RADAR SENSE TELLS ME...
TICK TICK TICK

...THERE'S A TIME BOMB HIDDEN IN THE MOTOR! I'M DRIVING A DEATH TRAP!!
TICK TICK TICK


MEANWHILE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN...
THIS IS THE LIFE! NO MORE DANGER OF BEING ROBBED SINCE WE'VE BEEN USING THIS WHIRLYBIRD TO DELIVER OUR PAYROLLS!
JOE! WHAT'S THAT AHEAD? ARE... ARE WE SEEING THINGS?!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! IT CAN'T BE! B-BUT I SEE IT, TOO!
A MAN... STANDING IN MID-AIR!! TALKING TO US THROUGH A BUILT-IN LOUDSPEAKER!!
THIS IS A HOLD-UP! OBEY MY INSTRUCTIONS TO THE LETTER, AND YOU WILL NOT BE HURT!
I'M SURE WE'RE IMAGININ' THIS! BUT, GET OUT THE RIFLE JUST THE SAME! WE CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES!
HE..HE MUST BE FOR REAL! WE ALL SEE HIM!

JOE! THE BULLETS ARE BOUNCIN' OFF HIM LIKE POWDER PUFFS! HE'S WEARIN' SOME KINDA ARMOUR UNDER THAT GET-UP!
I EXPECTED YOU TO TRY THAT!
BUT THIS WILL SHOW I'M NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH...!
ZOW!
SPANG!

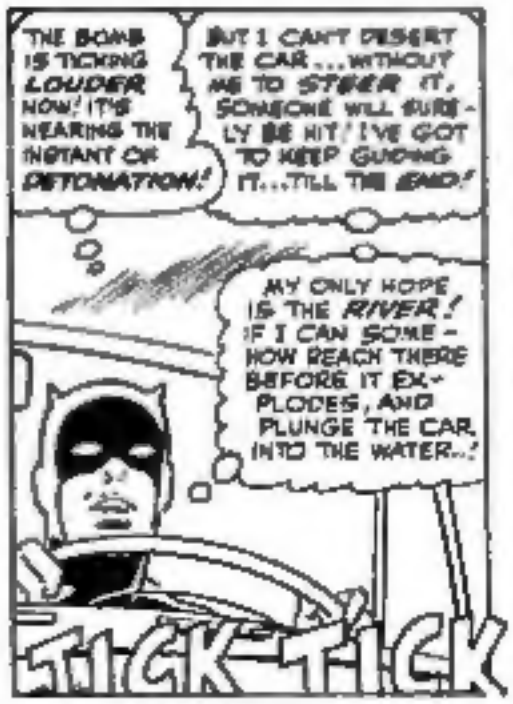
HE TOSSED SOMETHING AT US! IT'S COVERING THE WINDOWS WITH A DARK STAIN...CAN'T SEE THROUGH IT!
I'LL HAVE TO HOVER HERE! IF WE TRY TO FLY, WE MIGHT HIT A BUILDING!
WHOOMF!

YOU ARE NOW COMPLETELY AT MY MERCY! MY FIRST GRENADE MERELY OBSTRUCTED YOUR VISION. BUT THE ONE I HOLD NOW WILL BLAST YOUR SHIP TO SMITHEREENS, UNLESS...

SAVE YOUR BREATH, MISTER! WE READ YOU! HERE'S OUR PAYROLL BAG! THEY DON'T PAY US ENOUGH TO TACKLE GUYS LIKE YOU!
NATURALLY! NO ORDINARY HUMAN CAN COPE WITH THE POWER OF... STILTMAN!

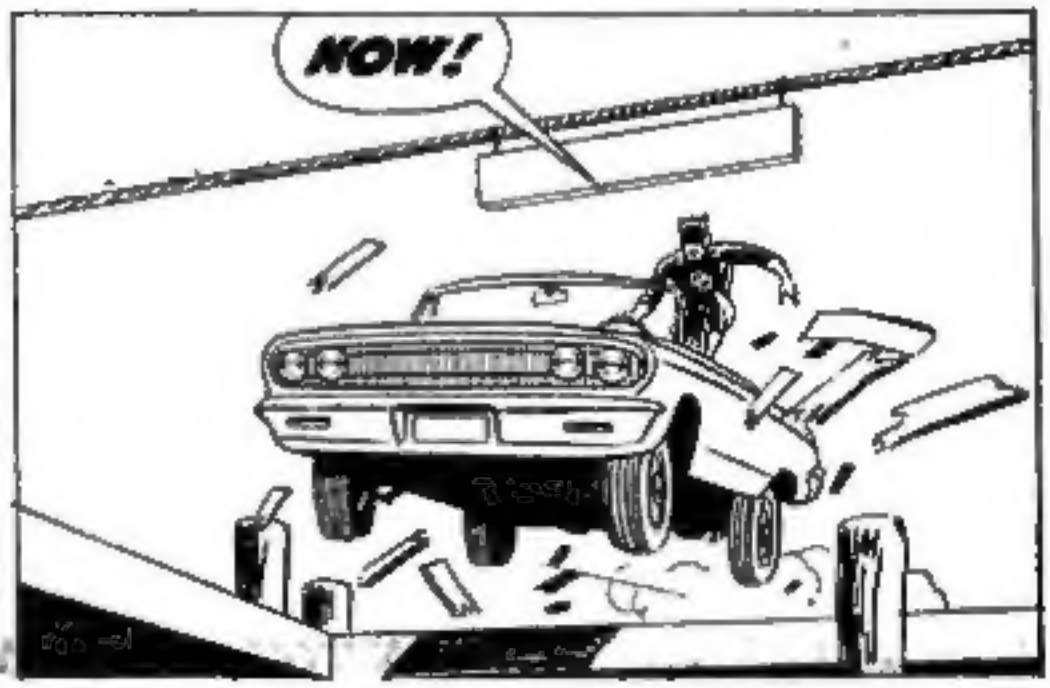
NO ORDINARY HUMAN, PERHAPS! BUT, WHAT OF THE MAN CALLED DAREDEVIL?? AT THAT VERY MOMENT...
MY RADAR SENSE MUSTN'T FAIL ME NOW!

UNABLE TO STOP THE SPEEDING CAR, THE SIGHTLESS WONDER STEERS FOR DEAR LIFE, GUIDED BY HIS UNCANNY AUDIO-SENSORY POWER!
LOOK OUT! GET OFF THE STREET! NO BRAKES! NO BRAKES!!
HONK
HONK
HONK!


THE BOMB IS TICKING LOUDER NOW! IT'S NEARING THE INSTANT OF DETONATION!
BUT I CAN'T DESERT THE CAR... WITHOUT ME TO STEER IT, SOMEONE WILL SURELY BE HIT! I'VE GOT TO KEEP GUIDING IT...TILL THE END!
MY ONLY HOPE IS THE RIVER! IF I CAN SOMEHOW REACH THERE BEFORE IT EXPLODES, AND PLUNGE THE CAR INTO THE WATER...!
TICK-TICK

WITH IRON NERVE, WITH STEADY HANDS, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR GUIDES THE DOOMED VEHICLE AT BREAKNECK SPEED THROUGH THE CITY STREETS, GUIDED BY HIS RADAR SENSE THE SAME AS A JETLINER FLYING THROUGH A HEAVY FOG...
TICK TICK

THOUGH DAREDEVIL "SEES" IMAGES RATHER THAN ACTUAL SIGHTS, SO ACCURATE IS HIS SENSORY PERCEPTION THAT HE STEERS THE ONRUSHING CAR WITH THE SKILL AND PRECISION OF A MASTER DRIVER!
JUST A LITTLE BIT FURTHER! I'M ALMOST THERE!
TICK TICK


NOW!

MADE IT!

JUST BY THE SKIN OF MY CHINNY-CHIN-CHIN!!

WHROOM!

THAT CAR COULD HAVE HAD ONLY ONE PURPOSE... TO SERVE AS A DECOY!

...TO LURE ME AND ANY POLICE OFFICERS, AWAY FROM SOME OTHER AREA!

THERE MUST BE A SERIOUS CRIME BEING COMMITTED IN SOME OTHER PART OF TOWN!

AND, IF THERE IS, MY SNOOPERSCOPE WILL HELP ME FIND IT!

I'LL JUST RELEASE THE DIRECTIONAL SHOTGUN MIKE FROM MY BILLY CLUB, AND POINT IT SLOWLY OVER THE CITY!!

FOR THE BENEFIT OF ALL JOHNNY-COME-LATELIES, HERE IS DD'S BILLY CLUB CANE--

SWITCH

RETRACTABLE MICROPHONE

TRANSISTORS AND BATTERIES

MINIATURE TAPE RECORDER

SWITCH

SPRING REEL FOR CABLE

CABLE

HINGE

CHAMBER FOR PROJECTILES SUCH AS GAS PELLETS.

REFLECTOR SHIELD

ALL I HEAR ARE ORDINARY, EVERYDAY SNATCHES OF CONVERSATION...

WAIT! THAT LAST CRY! THAT MUST BE IT!

FOR PETE'S SAKE, HERMAN! TURN THAT TV SET DOWN, WILL YOU?

YOU TAKE THE WHITES OF TWO EGGS, MIX THEM GENTLY AND THEN ADD SAUCE...

HEY, CHARLIE, CAN YA LEND ME A DOLLAR? I GOT A HEAVY DATE TONIGHT!

AW, MA! I DON'T WANNA GET A HAIR-CUT!

IT'S TRUE, I TELL YOU! I SEE HIM! IT'S A MAN, WALKING OVER THAT BUILDING!

QUICKLY RACING TO THE PLACE THE CRY ORIGINATED FROM, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR FINALLY FINDS...!

THE TREAD OF HEAVY FEET A FEW YARDS AHEAD OF ME... BUT THE HEARTBEAT ACCOMPANYING THEM IS AT LEAST TEN STORIES ABOVE ME!

HOW CAN THAT BE?!

I'VE GOT TO RUSH! HE'S TURNING THE CORNER!

BUT, RACING AROUND THE CORNER AFTER HIS FANTASTIC FOE, DAREDEVIL CAN HARDLY BELIEVE THE EVIDENCE OF HIS SENSES...!

HE'S GONE! BUT...IT ISN'T POSSIBLE! NOBODY THAT BIG COULD DISAPPEAR SO QUICKLY! UNLESS... CAN I... CAN I BE LOSING MY SENSES?

COMPLETELY BAFFLED, THE SIGHTLESS CRUSADER REVERTS TO HIS EVERYDAY IDENTITY, RETURNING TO THE LAW FIRM OF NELSON AND MURDOCK...

MATT, HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS? EVERYONE'S TALKING ABOUT THE CRIMINAL CALLED STILT-MAN!

STILT-MAN! THEN I DIDN'T IMAGINE IT! BUT, HOW DID HE VANISH?

NO, KAREN! TELL ME ALL ABOUT HIM!

I WILL, MATT, AS SOON AS I TELL YOU MY OTHER BIT OF NEWS!

I HEARD FROM DR. VAN EYCK, THE EYE SPECIALIST FROM BOSTON! HE STILL THINKS HE MIGHT HELP YOU TO SEE!

IT WOULD BE WONDERFUL TO HAVE MY SIGHT, KAREN...

TO BE ABLE TO FEAST MY EYES ON YOUR FEATURES... THAT FACE WHICH MY FINGERS TELL ME IS SO YOUNG, SO LOVELY...

MATT, IF ONLY YOU'D UNDERGO DR. VAN EYCK'S OPERATION! IF ONLY YOU COULD REGAIN YOUR SIGHT...!

BUT THEN, AT THAT MOMENT, THE DOOR SUDDENLY OPENS, AND MATT MURDOCK'S PARTNER ENTERS... A PAINED EXPRESSION SUDDENLY APPEARING IN HIS BLAZING EYES...!

SAY, MATT, THERE'S SOMEONE OUTSIDE WHO WANTS TO SEE Y...

OH, SORRY! I-I DON'T KNOW!

FOGGY!

FOGGY! FOGGY... WAIT! IT...IT ISN'T WHAT YOU THINK!

WELL DISCUSS IT SOME OTHER TIME...!

I'LL LET YOU HANDLE THIS GENTLEMAN'S CASE!

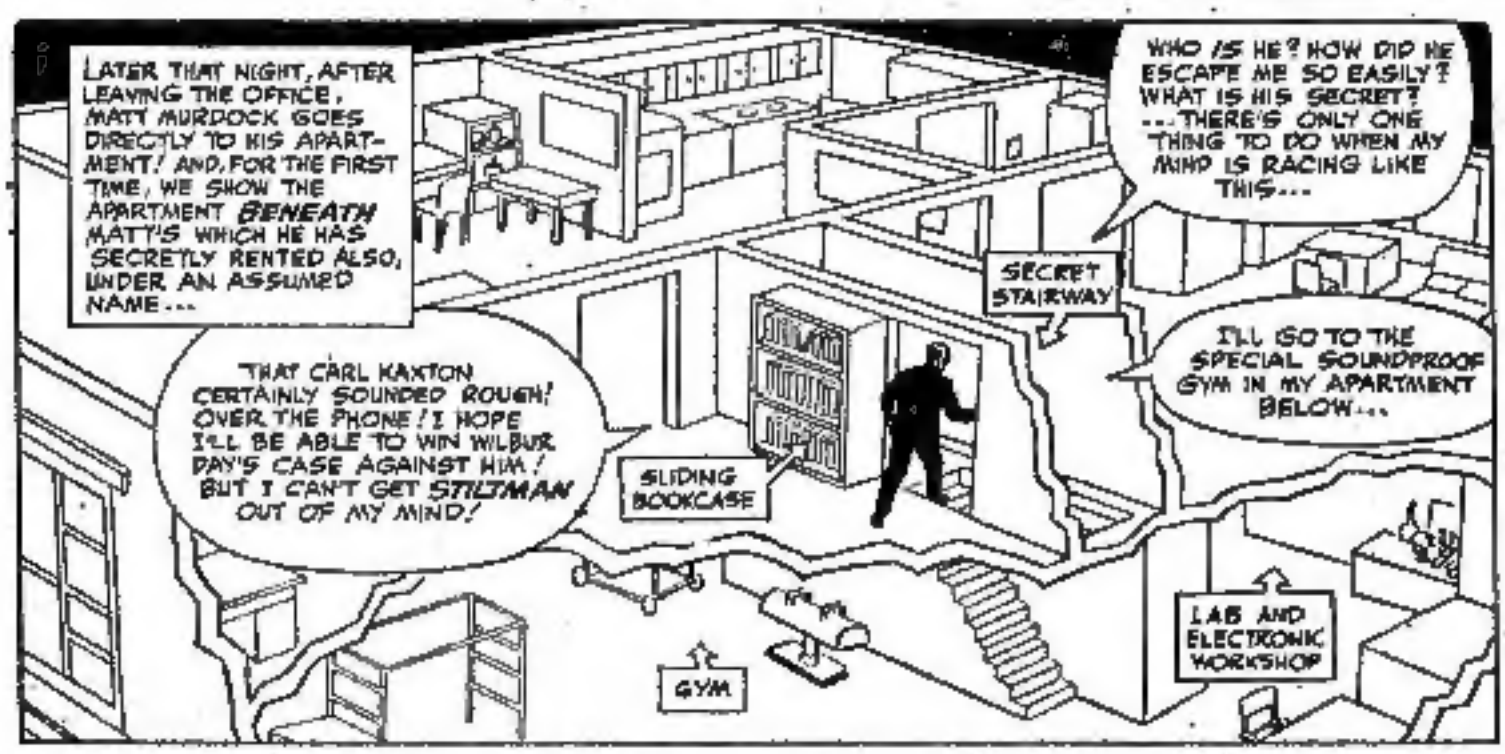
FOGGY IS HURT! I WOULDN'T HAVE HAD THIS HAPPEN FOR THE WORLD! HE LOVES KAREN, TOO!

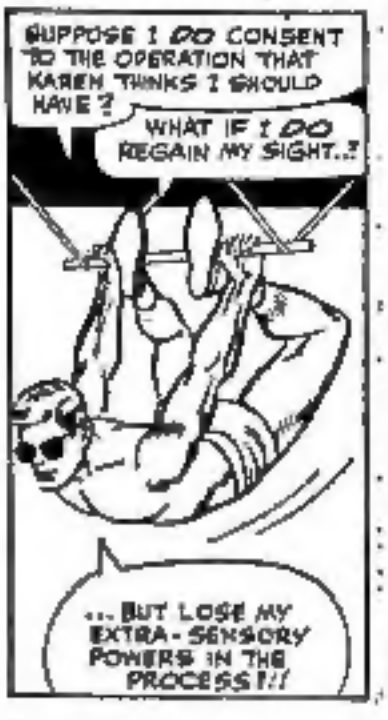
MR. MURDOCK, MY NAME IS WILBUR DAY!

OH, EH, COME IN, MR. DAY! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

I'M A MILD MAN, SIR! AND I DON'T LIKE TO CAUSE TROUBLE, BUT MY BOSS STOLE AN INVENTION OF MINE! I...I'VE JUST GOT TO GET IT BACK!

I SEE! SUPPOSE YOU START AT THE BEGINNING AND TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT!





INSTANTANEOUSLY MATT PUTS THE PERSONAL PROBLEMS OF A BLIND LAWYER ASIDE—TO BECOME DAREDEVIL!

## You're Joking!

**You say:** He's leaving Friday.

**They say:** Who? who's leaving Friday?

**You say:** Robinson Crusoe!

**—Then you run!**

## FIGURE FUN

**Can you, using only sixpenny pieces and shillings change a £1 note so that you have just one sixpence more than shillings, asks Knowall P. Reid of Birmingham? Record time to work this out in the Garret was four minutes five point-two seconds by Kanny Ken Mennell. See if you can beat Ken's time—without looking at the answer below.**

## IT FIGURES!

*To make the answer one sixpence more than shillings—change the pound into thirteen shillings and fourteen sixpences!*

## £1 for Knowalls

*Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win £1. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.*

My favourite feature in SMASH is:

.....

The feature I don't like is:

.....

My age is: .....

To, Mr. Knowall, SMASH,
64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

**PUT a saucer on a table and ask your pal to put any coin he likes into it—without you seeing what it is. Now, without looking into the saucer—you will be able to tell him what the coin is and even whether it shows heads or tails! How? Crouching down below the level of the saucer (and your pal can crouch with you to prove you're not cheating) simply fill the saucer with water from a cup you have previously placed on the table! If your eye is at level with the saucer's edge, you'll see the coin gradually appear—until it seems actually floating on the surface. It works! It's a great trick! Right? Right!**

**Now comes the pay-off—and that's an even greater giggle. . . .**

**Tell your mate that the first trick wasn't done by magic just by your scientific knowledge of refracted light. And tell him that you will now show him something even more surprising with a glassful of water. First, he must sit at the table and put the forefinger of each hand on the table top. Now you carefully balance a glass brimful of water on his forefingers and tell him to look down into the water. He will . . . and all he will see is his fingers through the bottom of the glass! So?**

**Well, you can leave him trapped like that for as long as you like. For he can't risk moving his fingers for fear of spilling the glassful of water over the table—and himself!**

## MATCH MAGIC

**Place ten matches on the table to form three squares as the drawing shows. Now, can you, moving only two matches, make just two squares from the ten matches?**

*The answer is to just move matches A and B, as shown.*

## FIXED FINGER!

*Tell your mate to spread out his right hand on the table. Then tell him you can paralyse one of his fingers—in other words he won't be able to lift the finger you pick out!*

*First tell him to curl up his middle finger, then tell him that the finger next to his little one is paralysed, he can lift any other finger but that one.*

*And, believe it or not, as long as he keeps his hand flat on the table, he can't!*

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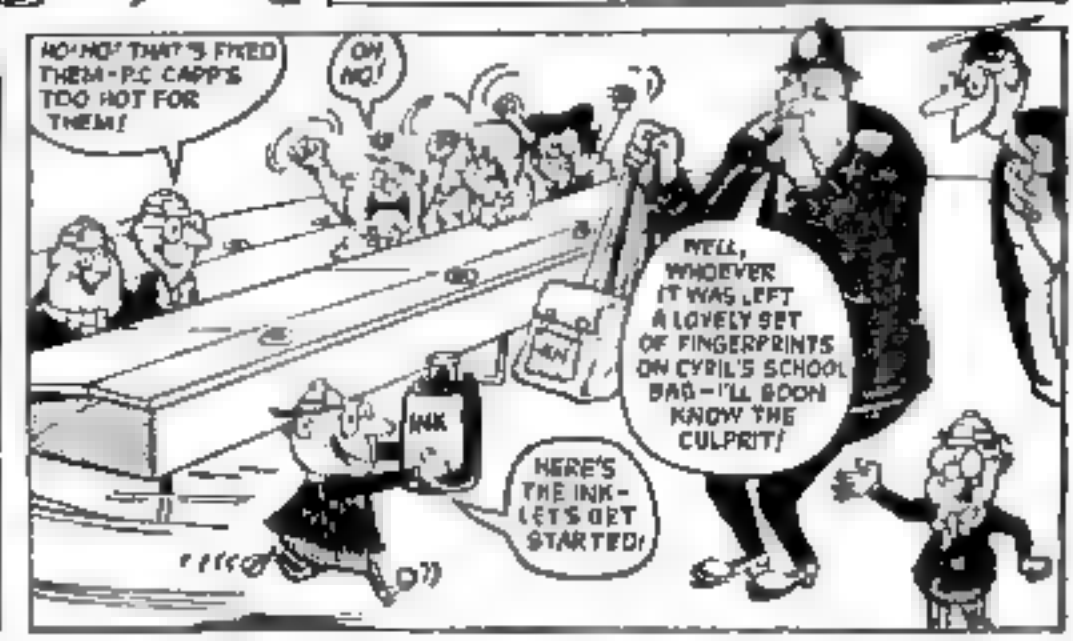
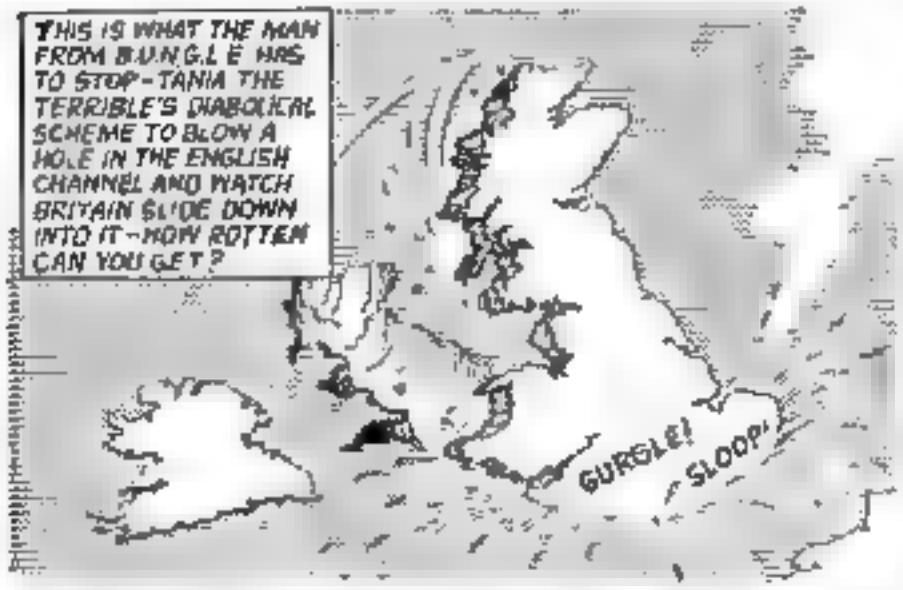
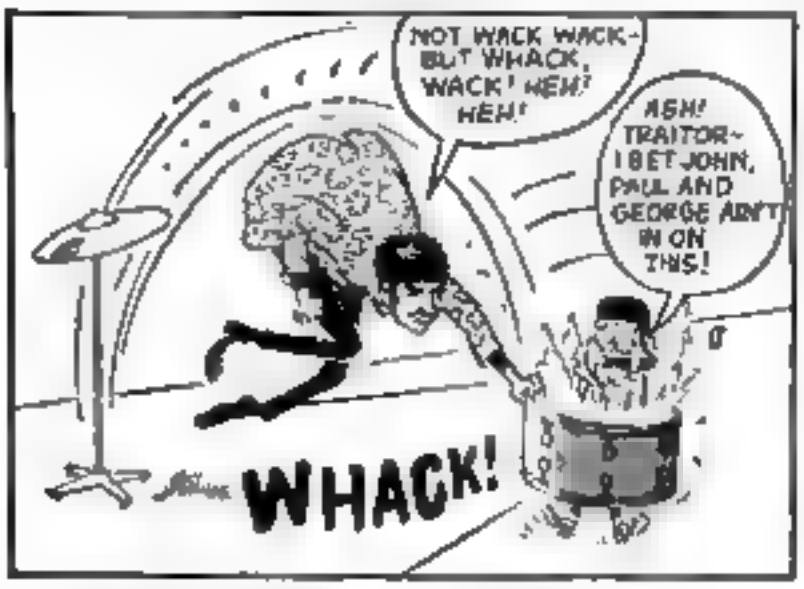
# The SWOTS and the BLOTS

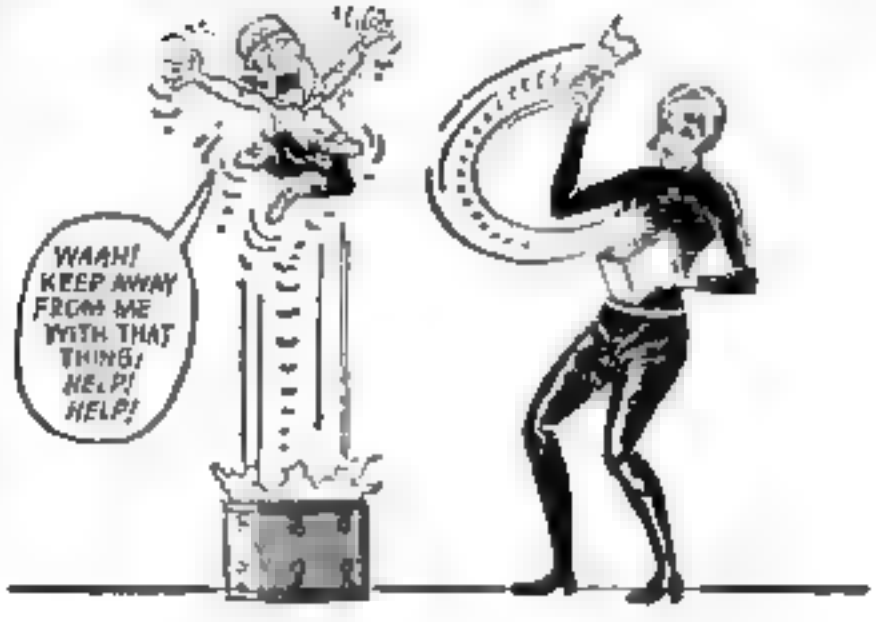


PRESS!
SPLUDGE
WAAH! I AIN'T A DAME! I DON'T PAINT ME NAILS!
THERE NOW - WE'LL GET A LOVELY SET OF PRINTS FROM THAT HAND!
ANY MORE OF THAT AND I'LL MATCH YOUR EYE!
SNIGGER! T MATCHES HIS NECK NOW!
SQUIRT -
WE MUST CLEAN IT FOR HIM.
TCH! TCH! BILLY'S HAND IS ALL DIRTY!
NOW - THEY'RE WHAT I CALL PALS!
AGH! STOP YOU LITTLE FOOLS! STOP!
NOW'S THAT THEN? CLEAN AS A WHISTLE - STILL SOME DIRT UNDER THE NAILS, BUT OTHERWISE PERFECT!
CLEAN
???
NEVER FEAR, CONSTABLE - MY TALCUM POWDER WILL DO THE TRICK!
TWITCH
AGH! CUT IT OUT - IT'S GOING UP ME NOSE HOLE!
AHH—
AHH—
AHH—
GULP! HE WASN'T JOKING - T'S MADE HIM SNEEZE!
CHOO!
SUFFERING SAGO PUDS - THE MISSING BOTTLE SO THAT'S WHERE HE HID IT!
MY ROLL! MY ROLL!
SPUDGE
WAAH! MY CAVIARE'S RUINED NOW! IT'S ALL COVERED IN PAINT! NOW! YELL!
I CAN'T EAT THIS!
I CERTAINLY DON'T WANT IT NOW!
BLAT!
SOMETHING'S NOT QUITE RIGHT HERE BILLY BLOT'S GOT CYRIL'S FINGER-PRINTS NOW!
MORE LIKE KNUCKLE-PRINTS, ENOUGH! HEH! HEH!
HEH! HEH! HE DAREN'T HIT ME BACK - THE COPS ARE ON MY SIDE!

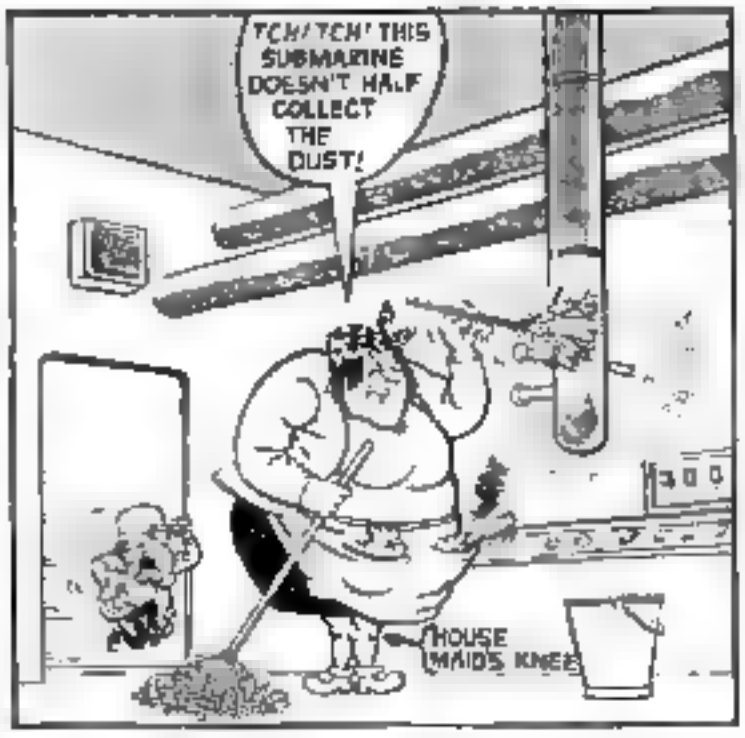
# THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.





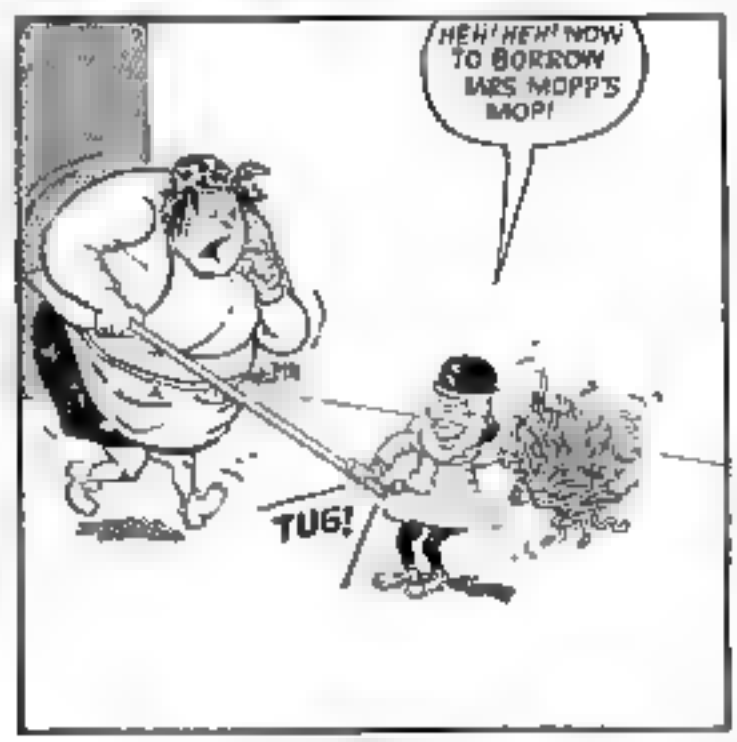


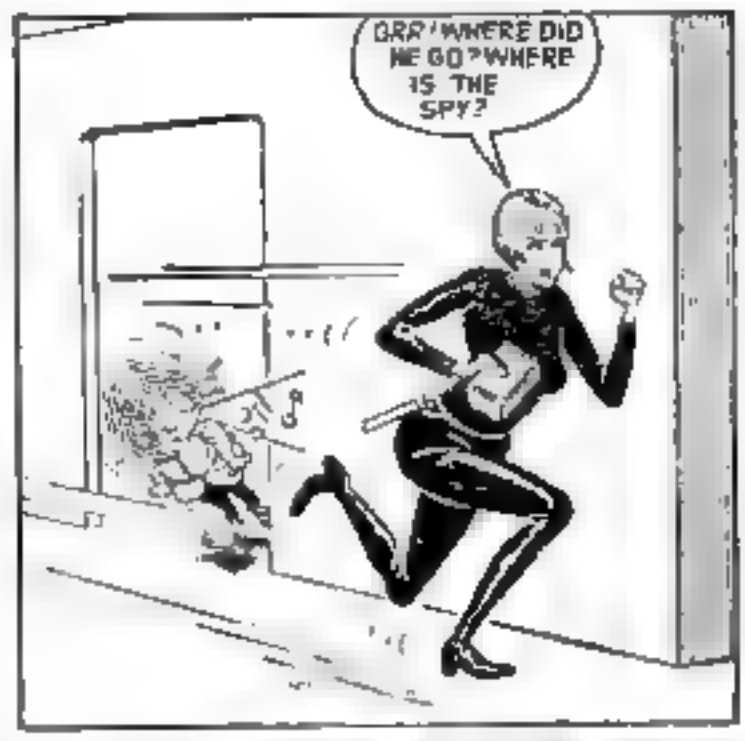
AIEE! SHE'S TRYING TO BLOW ME SPY-HIGH!
COO! DON'T THINK HE WANTS A LIGHT!

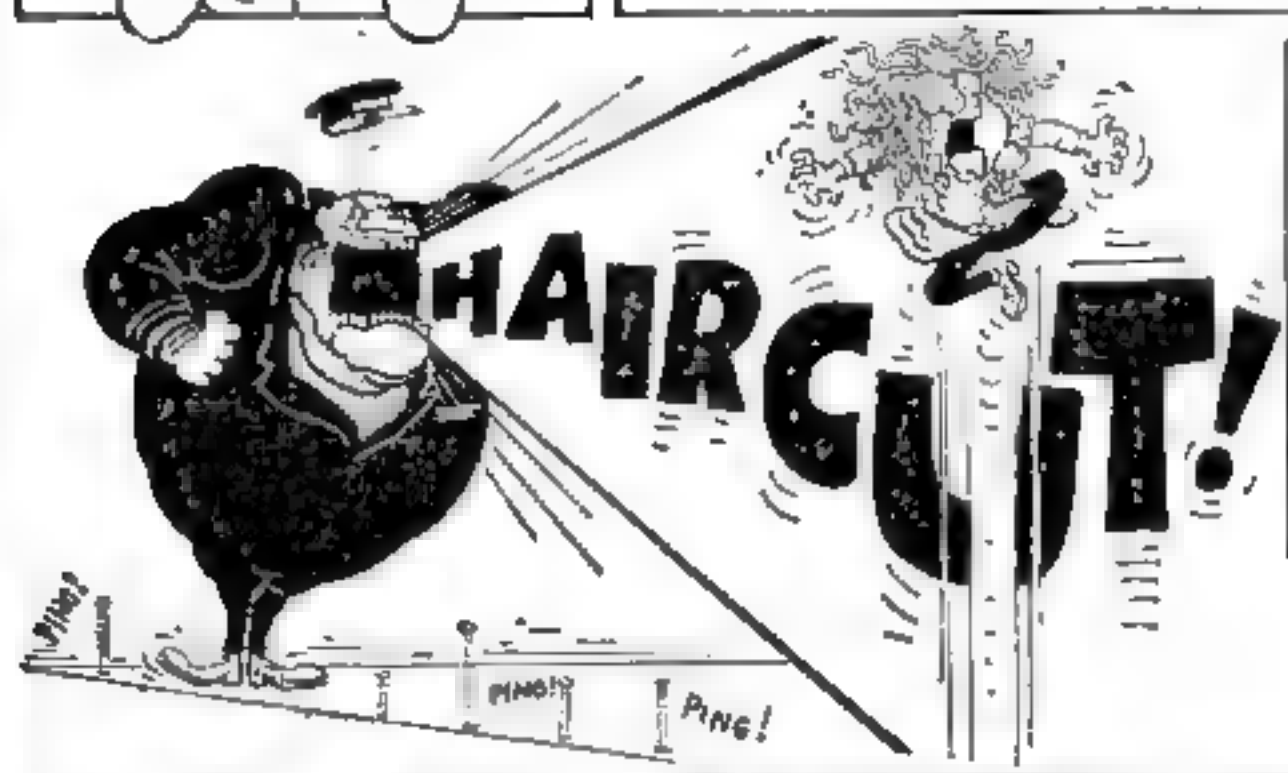

TCH! TCH! THIS SUBMARINE DOESN'T HALF COLLECT THE DUST!
HOUSE MAID'S KNEE

AND LOOK AT YOU, LAD - YOU'RE COVERED IN THE STUFF! TCH! TCH!

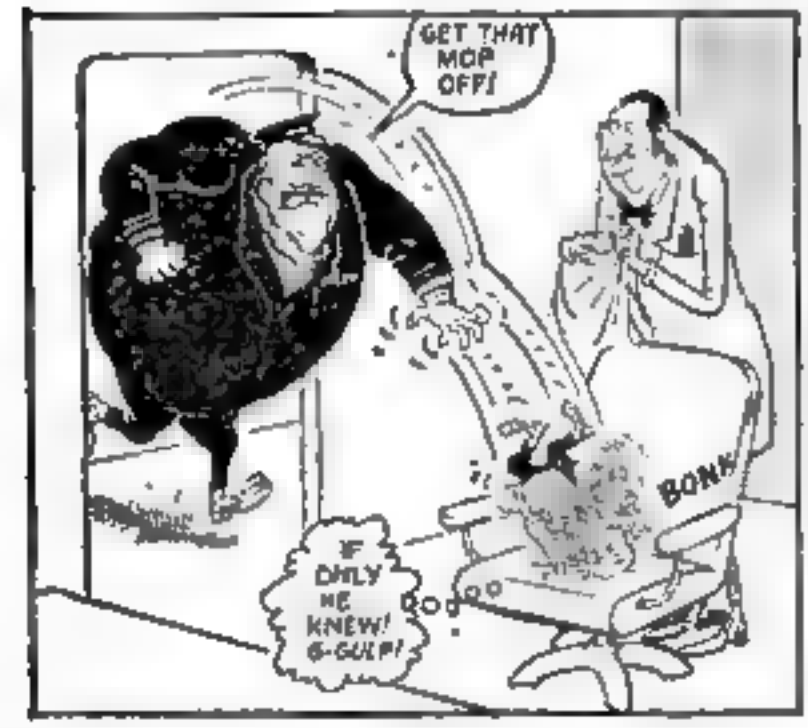
COO! I CAN'T BE CHARRED NOW - THANKS TO THAT CHAR!


HEH! HEH! NOW TO BORROW MRS MOPP'S MOP!
TUG!


GRR! WHERE DID HE GO? WHERE IS THE SPY?


HAIRCUT!
PING!
PING!
PING!

SUBMARINE BARBER'S SHOP
NO ONE ON MY SHIP GOES AROUND WITH LONG HAIR!


GET THAT MOP OFF!
BONK
IF ONLY HE KNEW! G-GULP!

CHARGES
SHORT BACK, SIDES, FRONT AND TOP!

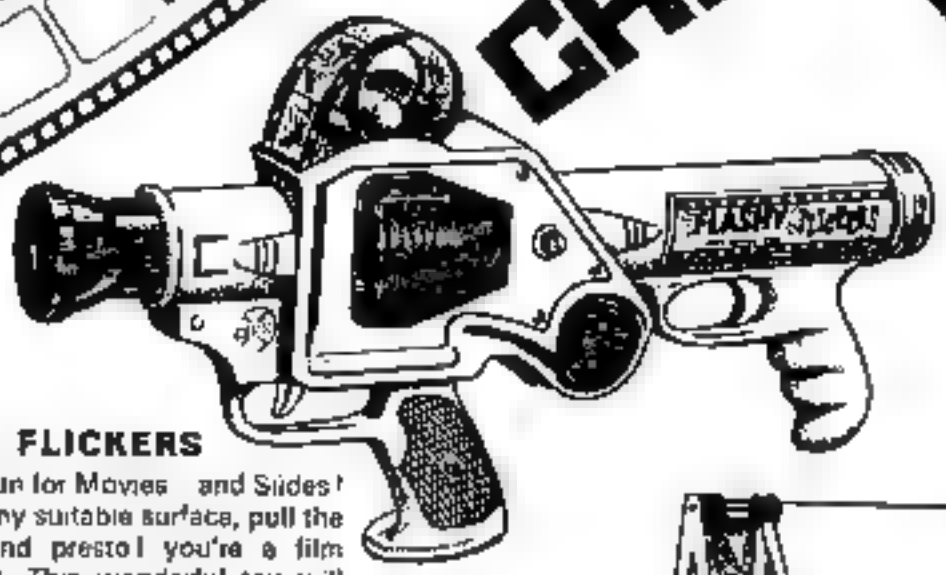
SNIP!
SNIP!
IT LOOKS LIKE I'VE BUNGLED AGAIN!
NEXT WEEK - ANYTHING ON IT, SIR???

# want to be a

MOVIE PROJECTIONIST

CRANE DRIVER

DOUBLE AGENT

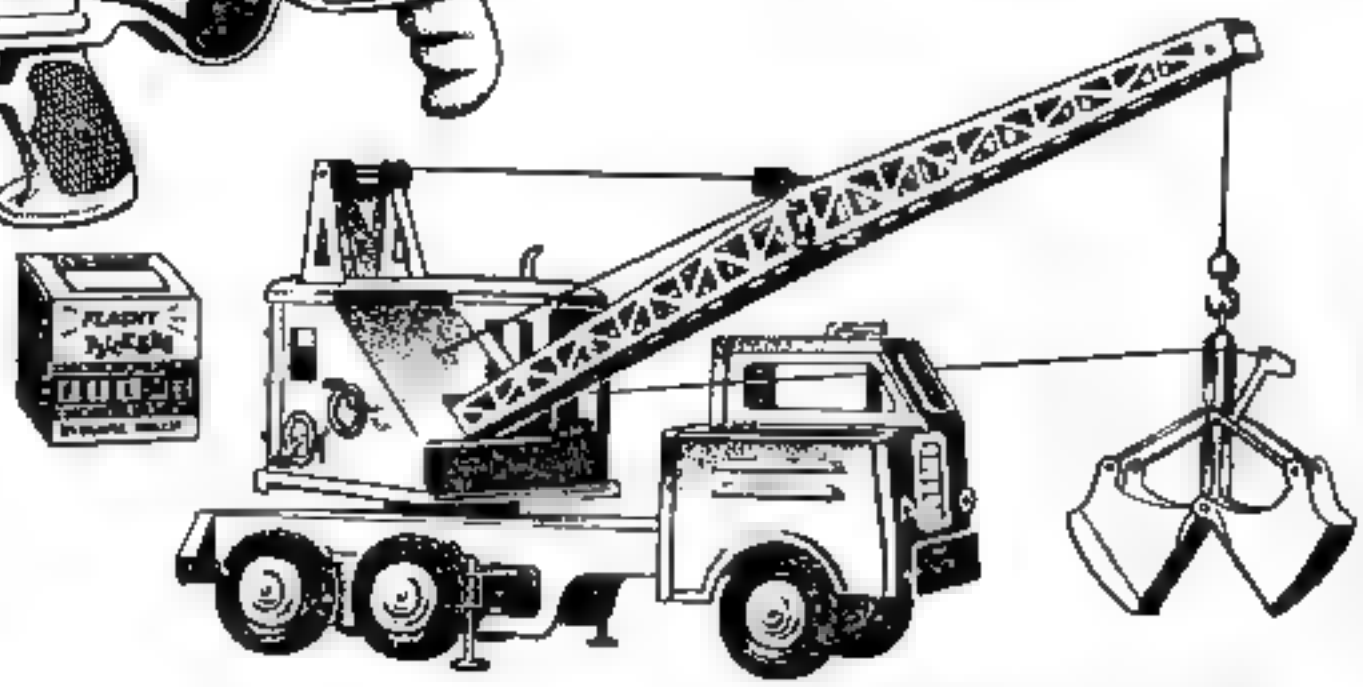



*These are the toys for you!*

**FLASHY FLICKERS**

Projector Gun for Movies and Slides! Point it at any suitable surface, pull the trigger — and presto! you're a film projectionist. This wonderful toy will show films or 35 mm. slides and you get complete colour story-films with your FLASHY FLICKERS gun. Plenty of extra films to buy later too! Illuminated by three U-2 batteries (*not supplied*) *this is the toy to make you the envy of your friends when you give them a show!*

**PRICE 29/11d.**



**MOBILE CRANE TRUCK**

This crane not only really works, but it's mounted on a fabulous replica of a six-wheel truck complete with all details. The crane has adjustable stabilisers for heavy-loading operations and hand-operated grab just like the real thing! Finished in modern construction vehicle colours — *just the toy if you aim to be a crane-driver!*

**PRICE 68/5d.**

**MIKE HAZARD, DOUBLE AGENT**

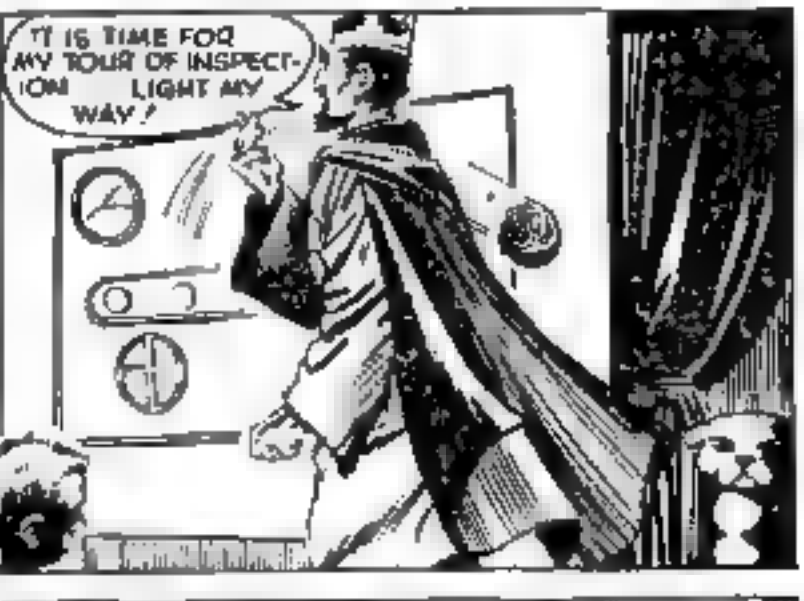
The most famous Top Secret Operative of them all — perfect, movable model standing 11½" tall, with all his special clothing and kit, including disguises, secret weapons, booby-traps, camera, tape-recorder, radio . . . over fifty different items ready for you to fit him out for the most dangerous of missions. *Get into training as an Undercover Operator with MIKE HAZARD today.*

**PRICE 32/11d.**

**THEY'RE SPECIAL — THEY'RE SUPER — THEY'RE MARX**

***SEE THEM AT YOUR TOYSTORE TODAY!***

# BRIAN'S BRAIN



DID YOU FIND ANYTHING?

NAUGHT BUT YON' CYCLE WHEEL, MY LIEGE! I FEAR WE ARE NEARING AN OLD RUBBISH PIT!

FAUGH! THEN DIG FARTHER TO THE EAST! THE TREASURE IS HERE SOMEWHERE!

MEANWHILE, IN ROOM 43, BRIAN KINGSLEY HAS HIS MIND ON OTHER THINGS BESIDES TREASURE . . .

COME ON, DUFFY — IT'S TIME FOR LUNCH!

O.K., BRIAN — LUCKY WE THOUGHT OF DISGUISING THE BRAIN AS AN OLD MAN — NOBODY WILL THINK IT STRANGE FOR AN ELDERLY PERSON TO WEAR HIS HAT AND COAT IN THE DINING-ROOM!

GOOD DAY, GENTLEMEN. I TRUST YOU WILL FIND THE TABLE IN THE CORNER TO YOUR LIKING!

I'LL HAVE SOUP . . THEN STEAK AN' CHIPS . . .

YES . WITH TOMATOES AND MUSHROOMS. THEN APPLE PIE AND ICE-CREAM!

AND YOUR UNCLE — ? WHAT WILL HE HAVE?

OH-ER — HE'S NOT HUNGRY . . HE CAN'T EAT ORDINARY FOOD . JUST A GLASS OF WATER, PLEASE!

AND SO . . .

SMASHING!

YOUR GLASS OF WATER, SIR.

THANK YOU.

LATER

PHEW! BET THAT LOT WILL COST A PACKET!

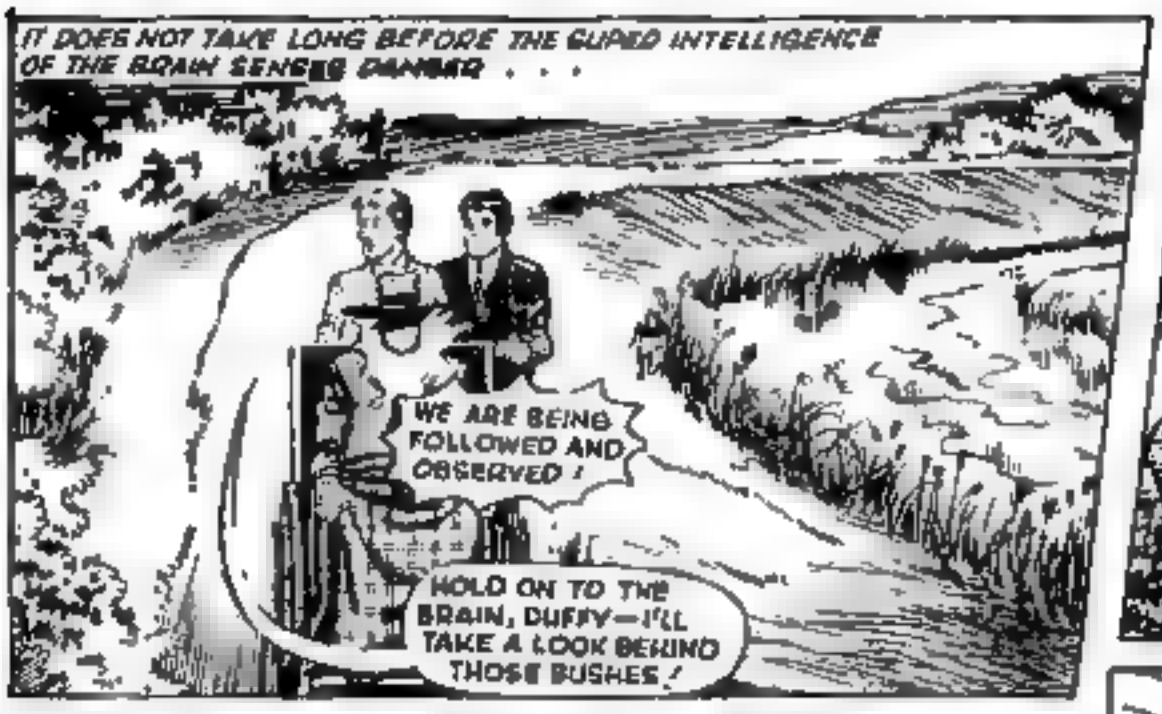
THEN UNLESS WE FIND THE TREASURE, WE'RE GOING TO BE IN TROUBLE OVER PAYING THE HOTEL BILL!

IT WILL BE BEST IF WE MAKE A PRELIMINARY SURVEY OF THE DISTRICT THIS AFTERNOON!

BUT AS THEY SET OUT FROM THE HOTEL . .

THEY'RE THE ONES THE MASTER WANTS US TO WATCH!

DON'T WORRY — I'LL KEEP 'EM IN SIGHT!


IT DOES NOT TAKE LONG BEFORE THE GUIDED INTELLIGENCE OF THE BRAIN SENSES DANGER . . .
WE ARE BEING FOLLOWED AND OBSERVED !
HOLD ON TO THE BRAIN, DUFFY—I'LL TAKE A LOOK BEHIND THOSE BUSHES !

THERE'S NO-ONE HERE . . THE BRAIN MUST HAVE MADE A MISTAKE !
I THINK I SAW SOMETHING MOVE IN THAT BUSH !

WITHOUT THINKING, DUFFY GOES TO LOOK . .
DUFFY ! —THE CHAIR !

IT'S GOING STRAIGHT FOR THE RIVER !

YOU CHUMP, DUFFY ! WE'LL NEVER CATCH IT IN TIME !

THEN . . . DISASTER !

THE BRAIN !
OOOH ! —CRUMBS !

BUT THE WORST FRIGHT OF ALL IS GIVEN TO THE MAN SENT TO SPY ON THEM . . .
OOOH ! I DON'T BELIEVE IT ! H-HIS HEAD FELL RIGHT OFF ! AAGH !
IS THE BRAIN LOST FOR EVER? DON'T MISS THE SUSPENSE-PACKED EPISODE THAT FOLLOWS IN NEXT WEEK'S ISH !

# Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE

LATER ..

COO! THEY'RE SHOWING AN OLD MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E FILM! SMASHING! I'LL SIT OUT A WHILE!

THE GAME'S UP YOU CROOK! THERE'S NO WAY OUT! YOU'RE TRAPPED!

YOU'VE GOT HIM NOW, ILLYA!

WRONG, MISTER KURYAKIN! WRONG! YOU HAVE LEFT ONE LOOP-HOLE!

WE SHALL MEET AGAIN, MISTER KURYAKIN! TILL THEN- FAREWELL!

HELP! HE'S COME OUT OF THE TELLY!

HELP!

HO! HO! HE DIDN'T KNOW I'D POLISHED THE FLOOR! IT'S LIKE A SHEET OF ICE!

SPLAT!

WELL DONE, CHARLIE! U.N.C.L.E WILL BE PROUD OF YOU!

AW! IT WAS NOTHING! I JUST POLISHED HIM OFF!

HO! HO! LOOK WHO IS IS! IT'S THE BLOKE WHO DID THE HAIR DRYER COMMERCIAL! REVENGE IS SWEET!

ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU, CHARLIE? I OWE YOU A FAVOUR!

COO! NOT HALF, ILLYA!

OH, I THINK I MIGHT HAVE A SPECIAL PILL TO DO JUST THAT!

THOSE UNCLE AGENTS HAVE A PILL FOR EVERYTHING!

AT THE LOCAL SWIMMING BATH.

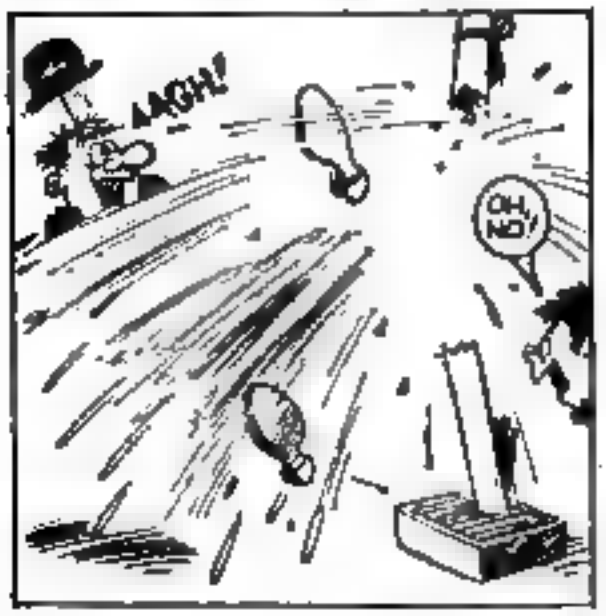
AAGH! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE WATER? IT'S FROZEN OVER! IT CAN'T HAPPEN!

HO! HO! IT CAN HAPPEN WHEN ILLYA'S GOT A HAND IN IT- AND THAT BLOKE FROM THE POND WILL NEVER THINK OF LOOKING FOR ME IN HERE!

AND BUBBLY COME IN TWO MORE FLAVORS MORE CHEW—AND THE BIGGEST BUBBLES!

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—*IF* HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

# RONNIE RICH



# IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

RUBBERMAN HAS TRAVELLED TO HOLLAND TO FIND THE FAKIR WHOSE CURSE TURNED HIM INTO A MAN OF RUBBER. HE BREAKS INTO THE WEIRD WORLD-BENEATH-A-GLASS-ROOF OF THE PLANTER AND THERE...

WITHIN SECONDS RUBBERMAN IS FLATTENED AGAINST THE GLASS ROOF.

THESE TREES. THEY GROW FASTER THAN ANYTHING I'VE EVER KNOWN! AND THEY'RE STILL GROWING!

AND THE AIR... IT'S BEEN SEALED OFF! THE HEAT! I... I CAN'T BREATHE...!

OUTSIDE THE AIR TIGHT STOCKADE, THE PLANTER BELLOWS WITH QUIVERING FURY...

IT'S DONE, SAHIB! WE HAVE REPLACED THE BROKEN GLASS PANEL. NO MORE AIR CAN GET INTO THE PLANTATION NOW!

THE DOG! THE TRESPASSING DOG! HE COULD HAVE RUINED EVERYTHING!

ALL RIGHT GET IN THERE AND GET HIM OUT! AND BE SURE YOU OPERATE THE AIR-SEALED DOOR PROPERLY! WE DON'T WANT ANY MORE OF MY BEAUTIFUL TREES RUINED!

THE TWO INDIANS LIFT SPRAYGUNS AND...

LUCKILY ONLY A FEW OF THE TREES WERE AFFECTED.

BUT WE MUST DESTROY THEM QUICKLY BEFORE THEY BURST THROUGH THE ROOF THEN... ALL WILL BE LOST!

INSTANTLY THE FRANTICALLY-GROWING TREES PERISH...

THERE HE IS! NOW THEY ARE DEAD, THE BRANCHES NO LONGER CAN SUPPORT HIS WEIGHT.

NOW WE MUST TAKE HIM TO THE MASTER!

WHY DO YOU NOT SHOOT, MASTER SAHIB?

QUIET, MINION! I DO NOT EXPLAIN MY ACTIONS TO SERVANTS! HAVE DECIDED THAT HE SHALL LIVE... FOR A WHILE AT LEAST THAT IS ENOUGH!

TREES! RUBBER TREES! A MAN MADE OF RUBBER! YES, ALREADY I HAVE THE GERM OF WHAT COULD BE AN INCREDIBLE ACHIEVEMENT!

CARRY HIM TO THE HOUSE!

AT LAST RUBBERMAN REGAINS HIS SENSES.

AH! WELCOME BACK, YOUNG MAN!

MY EYES ARE OPEN! AND I'M SEEING WHAT I WAS SEEING. SO I'M NOT ASLEEP... AND THIS ISN'T A DREAM...!

DREAM? NO, I ASSURE YOU, THIS IS NO DREAM!

OR PERHAPS IT IS A DREAM! MY DREAM! AND AS I ALREADY KNOW YOU FOR A CURIOUS YOUNG MAN... WILL SHOW YOU!

YOU SEE, MY WHOLE LIFE HAS BEEN SPENT IN THE TROPICS. THE CULTIVATION OF TREES AND OTHER PLANTS. BUT THEN, BECAUSE OF STUPID LAWS, I WAS BANISHED. SO I RETURNED TO HOLLAND.

...AND HERE, I HAVE RECREATED THE TROPICS, AT MUCH EXPENSE, I ASSURE YOU!

THEY ARRIVE AT LAST AT A LONG GLASS SHED...

BUT THIS EXPENSE WAS NOT TO SATISFY A MERE WHIM. I, WHO UNDERSTAND TREES MORE THAN ANY OTHER MAN, HAVE NURTURED A *WONDER PLANT!!* IN THERE...IN THAT AIR-PROOF HOTHOUSE...

BRING *ONE* SPECIMEN... *OUT HERE!*

THE INSTANT THE TINY TREE MEETS THE AIR...

YOU SEE! WITHIN MERE MOMENTS IT BECOMES A *GIANT*... AND ONLY ONE THING WILL STOP ITS GROWTH!

AGAIN A SPRAY-GUN HISSES...

ONLY THIS SPECIAL LIQUID CAN DESTROY IT. NOW DO YOU SEE THE POWER, THE POTENTIAL OF WHAT I HAVE DONE?

IT'S REMARKABLE RIGHT ENOUGH, BUT WHAT USE ARE THEY?

THEIR USE? THAT IS SOMETHING THAT *MUST* REMAIN MY SECRET, YOUNG MAN! BUT CAN YOU IMAGINE IF *HUMANS* COULD GROW LIKE THAT? CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT GREAT USE THEY COULD BE PUT TO? ESPECIALLY IF THOSE HUMANS WERE MADE OF RUBBER...!

...RUBBER! WHAT YOU REALLY MEAN IS...*ME* DON'T YOU?

YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG FELLER, FAT MAN! I'M PLAYING NO PART IN ANY EXPERIMENTS... AND THOSE BOYS WITH GUNS CAN'T *MAKE ME*, EITHER!

REALLY! YOU UNDERESTIMATE MY INTELLIGENCE! I *CAN* MAKE YOU DO AS I SAY!...LET ME SHOW YOU!

FURTHER ON THROUGH THE JUNGLE...

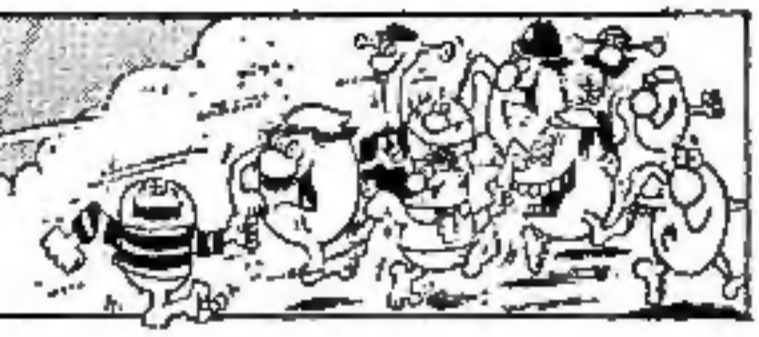
YOU SEE! WHEN YOU WERE UNCONSCIOUS YOU... RAMBLED A LITTLE. I KNOW HOW MUCH THAT MAN UP THERE MEANS TO YOU... ALIVE!

...AND HE STAYS ALIVE...ONLY AS LONG AS YOU DO *JUST AS I ORDER!*

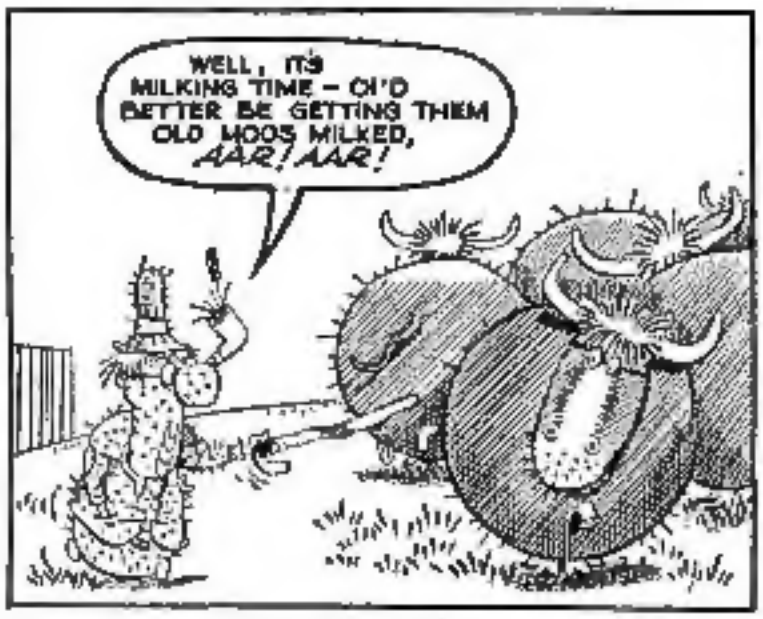
*THE FAKIR!* MY ONE CHANCE OF BECOMING A NORMAL HUMAN BEING AGAIN! I DARE NOT RISK HIS LIFE— *I DARE NOT!*

HOW WILL RUBBERMAN SOLVE THIS NEW DIL EMMA? DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S GRIPPING EPISODE!

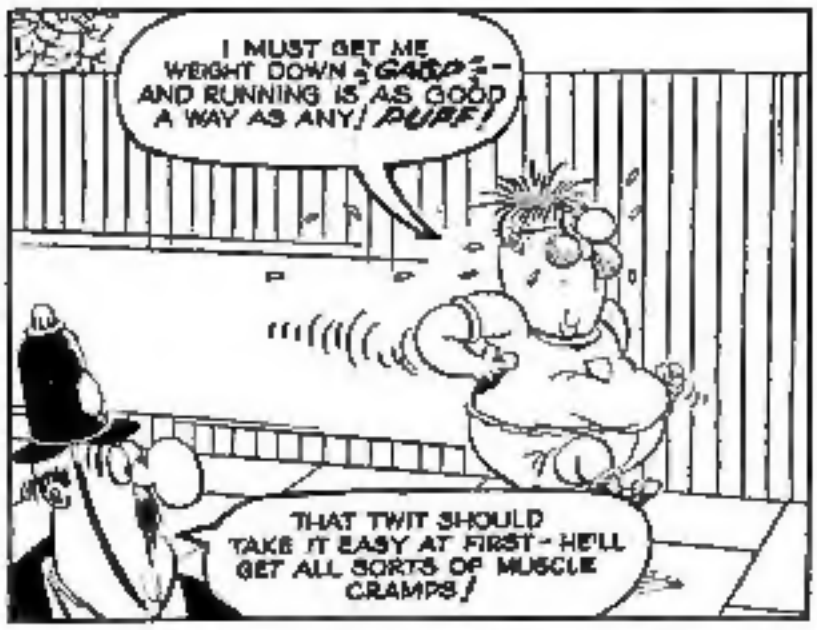
# THE NERVS

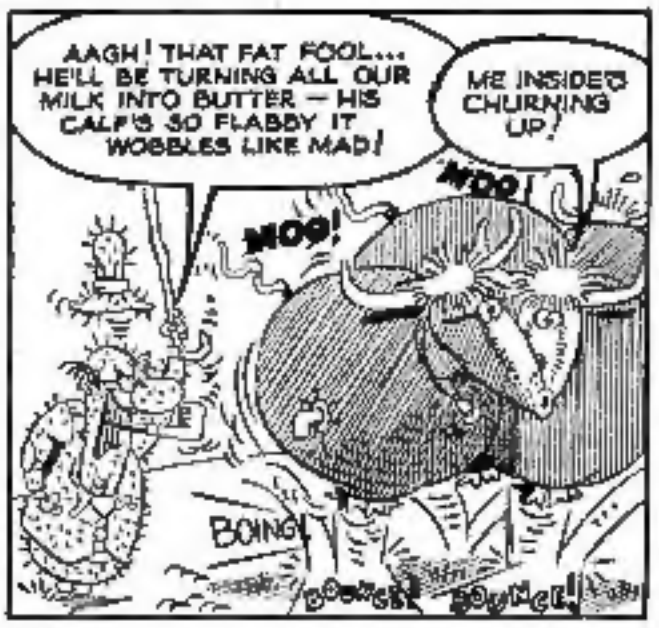


HELLO THERE! OI'M SILAS CALF NERV — ME AN' MY COWS SUPPLY ALL THE MILK FOR THE REST OF THE NERVS IN FATTY'S BODY!
MILK FARM
KEEP OUT


WELL, IT'S MILKING TIME — OI'D BETTER BE GETTING THEM OLD MOOS MILKED, AAR! AAR!

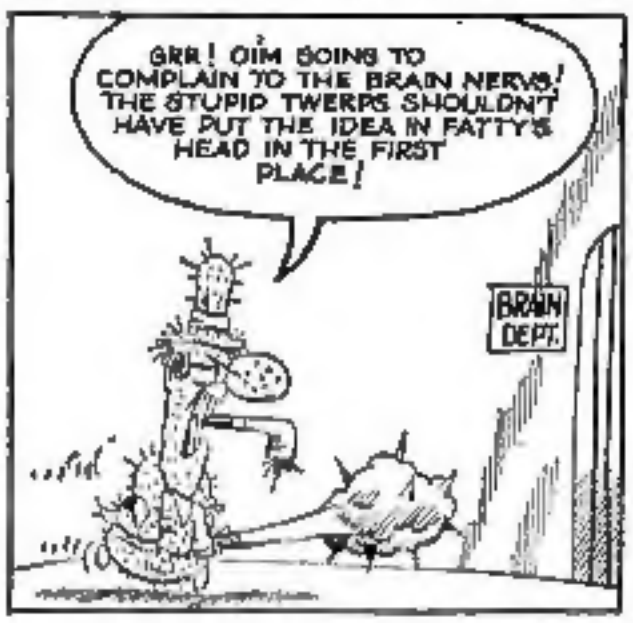
AAAGH! IT BE A BLINKING EARTHQUAKE — FATTY MUST BE ON THE MOVE!...
MOO!
MOO!
MOO!
...OI DON'T BELIEVE IT!!

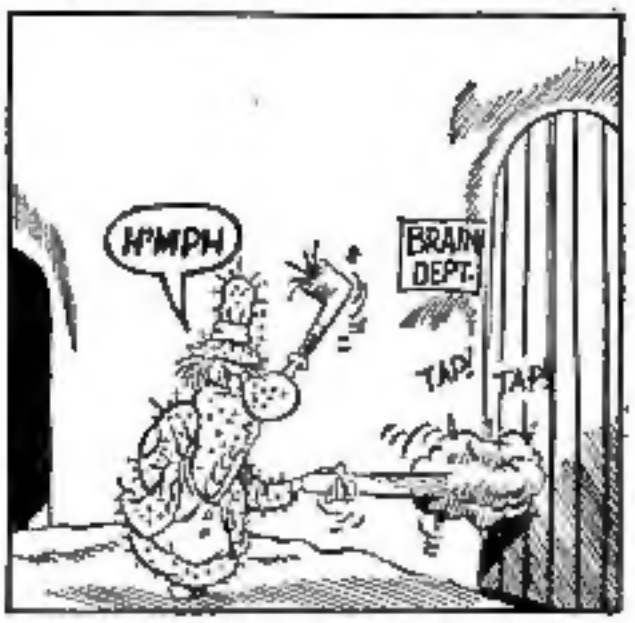

I MUST GET ME WEIGHT DOWN, GASP — AND RUNNING IS AS GOOD A WAY AS ANY! PUFF!
THAT TWIT SHOULD TAKE IT EASY AT FIRST - HE'LL GET ALL SORTS OF MUSCLE CRAMPS!


AAGH! THAT FAT FOOL... HE'LL BE TURNING ALL OUR MILK INTO BUTTER — HIS CALF'S SO FLABBY IT WOBBLES LIKE MAD!
ME INSIDE'S CHURNING UP!
MOO!
MOO!
BOING!
BOUNCE!
BOUNCE!

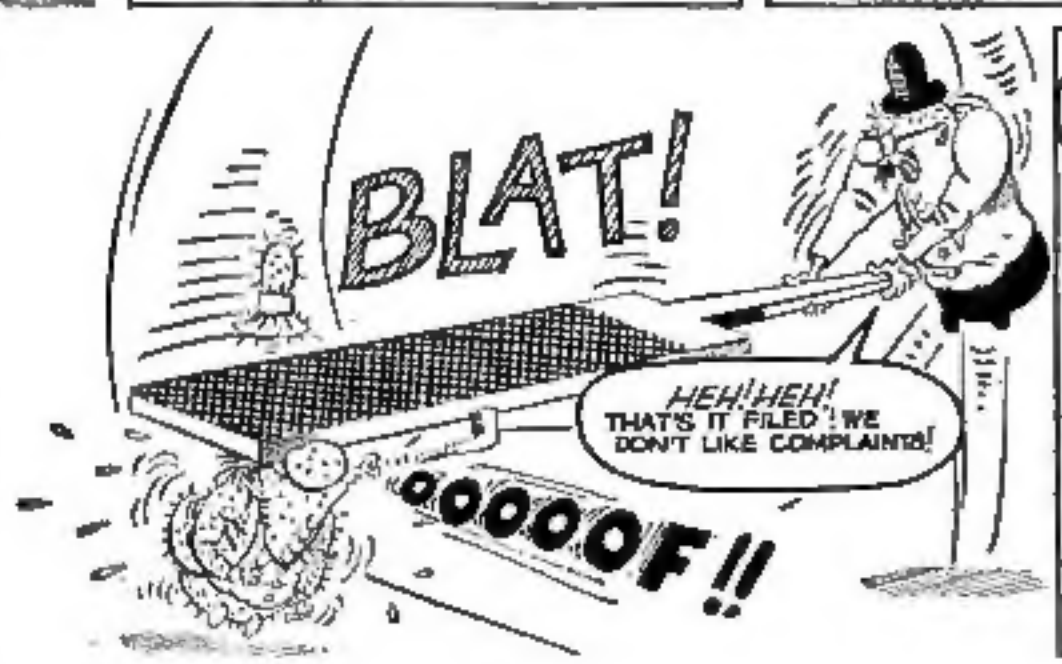
GRRR! OI'LL GIVE HIM A WHACKING GREAT BASH ON THE KNEE CAP — THAT'LL PULL HIM UP!
WHOOOOSH!

GRR! YOU'RE NOT BASHING ANYTHING, SILAS — FATTY'S KNEE HASN'T HEALED SINCE THE LAST TIME YOU BASHED IT!
KNEE DEPT.
POW!


GRR! OI'M GOING TO COMPLAIN TO THE BRAIN NERVS! THE STUPID TWERPS SHOULDN'T HAVE PUT THE IDEA IN FATTY'S HEAD IN THE FIRST PLACE!
BRAIN DEPT.


H'MPH
BRAIN DEPT.
TAP!
TAP!

OI'D LIKE TO FILE A COMPLAINT!

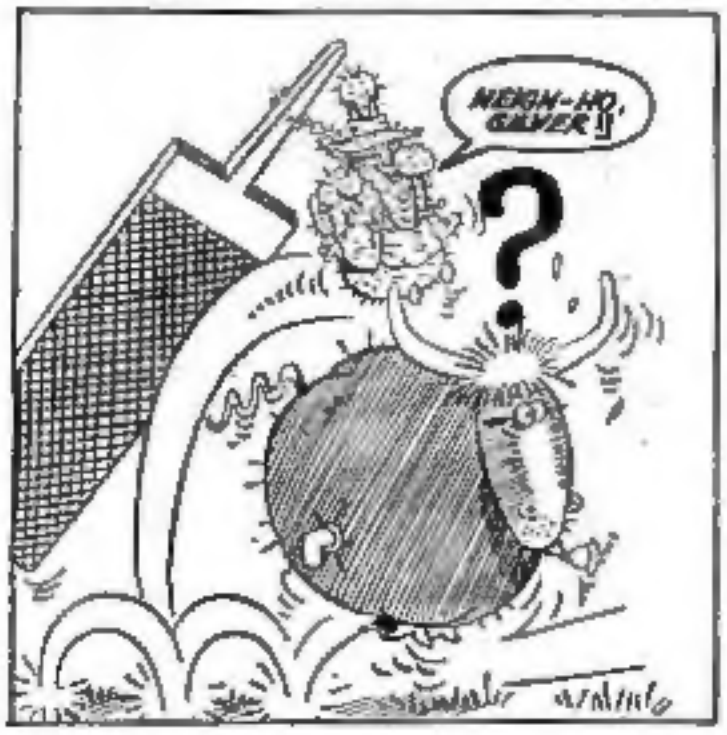

BLAT!
HEH! HEH! THAT'S IT FILED! WE DON'T LIKE COMPLAINTS!
OOOOOF!!

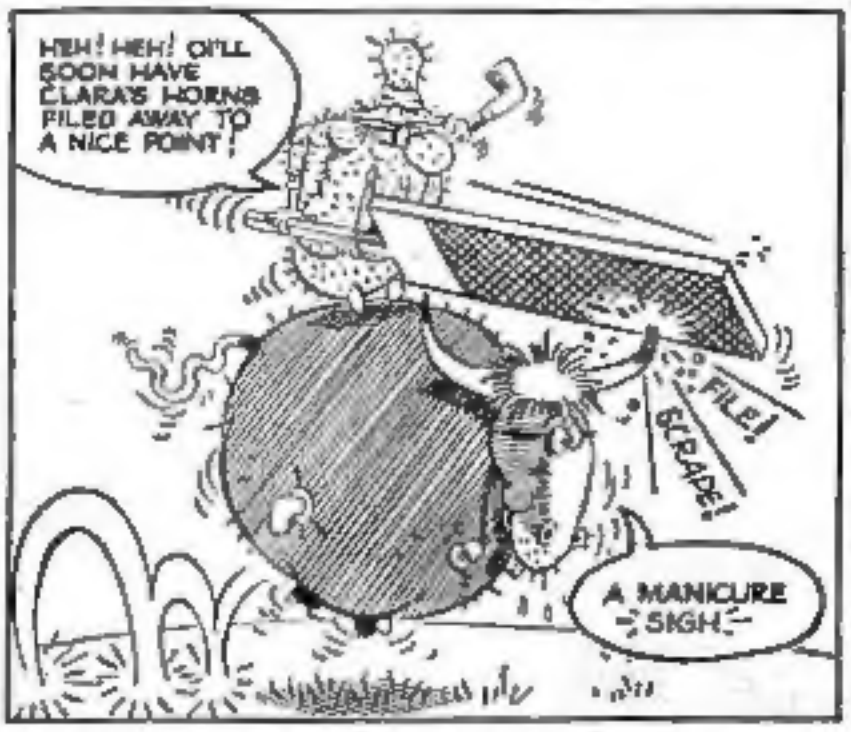
THEM CITY FOLKS JUST TAKE ADVANTAGE OF US SIMPLE COUNTRY LADS!
DIZZ!

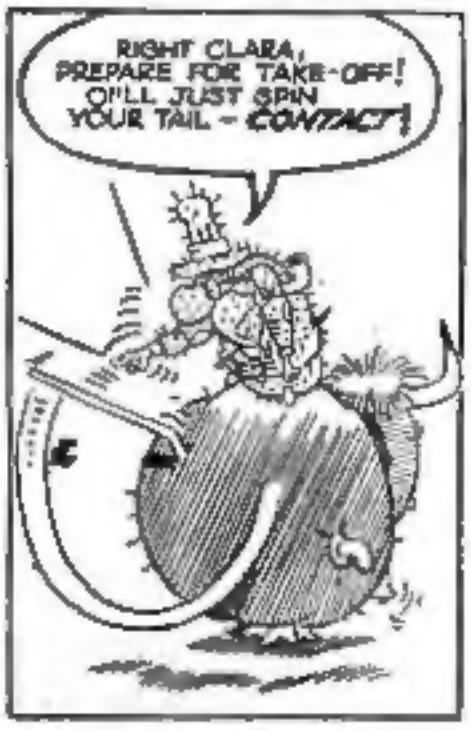
???
ESAD AND BEJABBERS— OI'LL BORROW THIS!

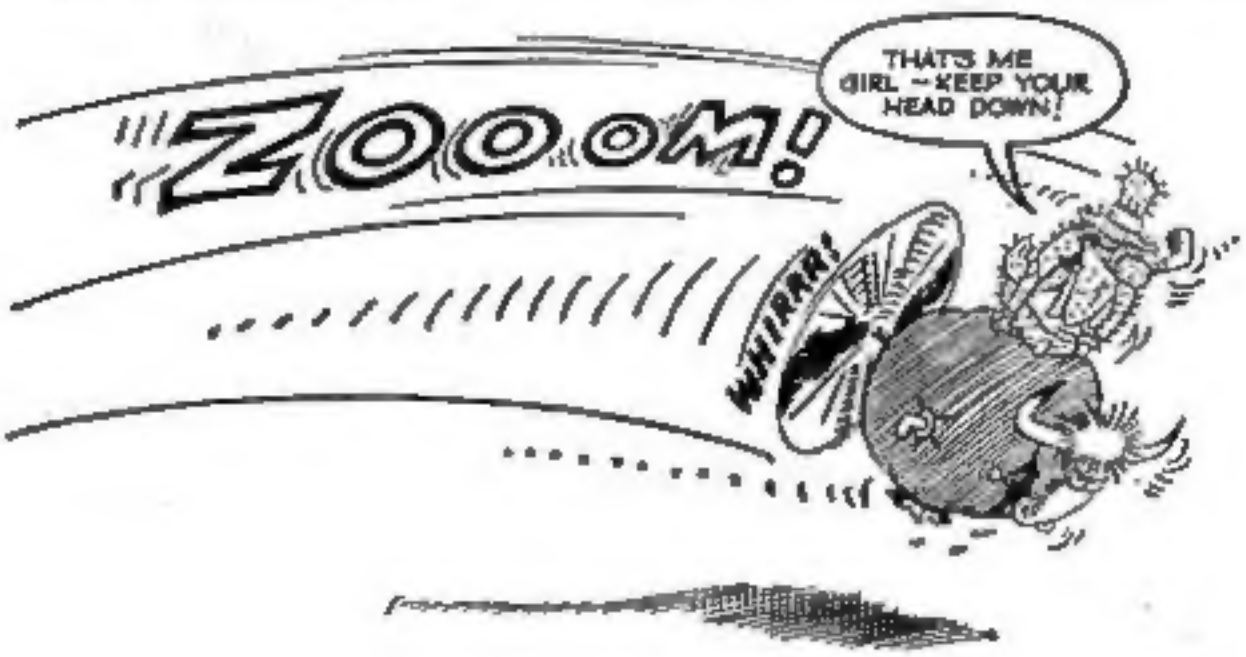
HAA-AAH! STOP THIEF!
HEH! HEH!
ZOOM!

COO... WHAT'S COLDFINGER GOT THERE??
MUST BE GOING TO FILE FATTY'S NAILS!


NEIGH-HO, SILVER!!
?

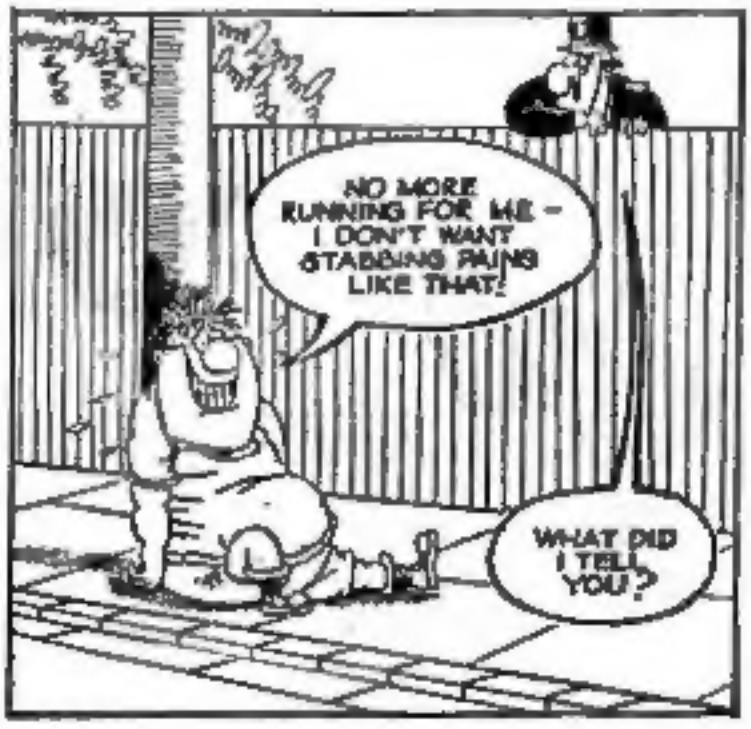

HEH! HEH! OI'LL SOON HAVE CLARA'S HORNS FILED AWAY TO A NICE POINT!
FILE!
SCRAPE!
A MANICURE —SIGH—


RIGHT CLARA, PREPARE FOR TAKE-OFF! OI'LL JUST SPIN YOUR TAIL – CONTACT!


THAT'S ME GIRL – KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN!
ZOOOM!
WHIRRR!

CALFWALL
YAHOO! A COW'S EYE!!
WHIRRR!
STAB!
STAB!

AAAGH! ME CALF MUSCLE! I'VE GOT CRAMP OR SOMETHING IN IT!


NO MORE RUNNING FOR ME – I DON'T WANT STABBING PAINS LIKE THAT!
WHAT DID I TELL YOU?

NOW TO GET ON WITH ME MILKIN'— US COUNTRY FOLKS LIKE PEACE AND QUIET..... ...SO REMEMBER THAT IF YOU TRY TO OVERDO THINGS! HEH! HEH!

# INCHMAN

## FOILS THE HI-JACKERS

THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW FROM

**DINKY TOYS**

Precision die-cast scale models made by Meccano Ltd and sold by Hamleys, Harrods, Gamages, Selfridges, and all good toy shops.